THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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Any person who cannot buy the Morning, Afternoon, or Sunday Edition of The Times on any news stand in Washington, in suburban towns, on railroad trains, or elsewhere, will confer a favor by notifying the Publisher of The Times, Corner Tenth and D Sts., Washington, D. C.

MR. CARNEGIE'S WARNING.

Before the more beautiful Washington can be reared, all things inconsistent with evolution in the municipality must be eliminated and one of these is the smoke nuisance. A law has been made establishing a penalty for contaminating the atmosphere with heavy vapors, insidious to health and destructive of the beauty of many of our finest public structures.

In the opinion of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the entire embellishment project is endangered by the smoke nuisance and declares that New York city, with all its commercialism, makes itself superior as a place of residence because it prohibits the use of coal that spreads great noxious clouds over the community. "You may beautify the Capital," says Mr. Carnegie, "but this nuisance will recall to future inhabitants the entrance of the serpent into the Garden of Eden."

A spirit of economy has resulted in the use of soft coal. For a long time inventive geniuses have labored for the creation of a device that would make combustion complete and still permit the use of the bituminous fuel. The inventive geniuses seem to have failed. But there is one certain way to solve the problem, end the smoke nuisance, and comply with the law—the way is to use anthracite coal.

The new Capital is to be largely a city in white. The present Capital is also a city largely in white, and the continuance of the smoke nuisance will begrime the Government buildings beyond purification.

Mr. Carnegie's warning should be well considered and, better still, acted upon.

Is the Hunting and Killing of Birds and Animals Ever Justifiable?

BY REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D. D.

John Ruskin once said: "The average Englishman cannot understand that I much prefer to see a bird sitting on an oak tree and to hear him singing to me than to shoot him."

Unfortunately, the average American seems to be in the same plight. He gets a day off from town and goes out into the country to enjoy himself. All that nature opens before him in her bountiful provision—streams, woods, and fields—all is as naught to him unless he can kill something. What a low and wretched conception of enjoyment! What a confession of mental pauperism and of spiritual bankruptcy!

This whole business of shooting is a dismal inheritance from the days which Kipling lauds in his "Jungle Book." "Good hunting," the cry of the pack in those days of good hunting, is the cry of the human pack today. Yet what fair mind can excuse the deliberate scenting out and ruthless attack upon bear, wildcat, or other unoffending denizen of the forest, fierce though it may be, and who will justify the stealthy surprising of a herd of harmless deer, the cruel maiming and relentless tracking down to death of each defenceless victim? Has the time not come when the average man should be uplifted a little above this brutal and brutalizing conception of sport?

One of the most distinguished and cultured teachers of our day, in my hearing, was once asked by a woman attending his lecture when women were to have their rights. He surveyed her from head to foot, her bonnet bristling with tokens of the slaughter of beautiful birds, and his answer was:

"Never, madam, until she learns not to make so great a fool of herself by dressing after such a fashion."

Men and women unite in the magnificent sport of shooting pigeons at the traps. Anything more unsportsmanlike than this, anything more unmanly in doing it and more unwomanly in witnessing it—where can it be found today? Six-foot men stand a few rods away from the traps with guns loaded and leveled and the poor, tired, scared, dazed birds are sprung into the air, their feeble wits not half about them, robbed of the one moment in which they might escape in this their dazed condition; and so the fell work is done and the [illegible] innocent birds are left to suffer. Left to suffer! There is where the horror of the whole business comes in, for when but [illegible] wounded they are left to wander forth on the plains, to die of [illegible] wounded they are left to wander forth on the plains, to die of the slow starvation, of the slow loss of blood, of pain and anguish unutterable. I have seen all this horror going on when I have been stopping at the hotel in Garden City, and I know what I am talking about.

I know how the plains around one of these club houses are littered with the half-dead birds for days after. Is it not time, in the name of humanity, that men and women should protest against such a slaughter of innocents? Is it not time to compel, by law, the substitution of clay for live pigeons at the traps, the drag for Reynard in the hunt, and to demand that Nimrod content himself with the health-giving delights provided by nature, rather than pervert his energy and enthusiasm to the heartless destruction of dumb animal life?

OPPOSED TO THE PROPOSED COINAGE OF A QUARTER DIME

By Mr. SIGMUND KANN.

I do not think there is any occasion for the coinage of a quarter dime by the United States Government.

The introduction of such a coin into our present currency would be of no advantage whatever to the department stores, but, on the other hand, would result in a great deal more trouble for the cashiers and bookkeepers of large establishments, and to the public as well.

By Mr. S. WALTER WOODWARD.

We can see no demand for the quarter dime in the making of change in the transaction of our business.

Even as an advertising medium, we can see no use for even the half-cent token in our business. Personally, both my partner, Mr. Lothrop, and myself, are opposed to the provisions of the bill introduced by Congressman Amos J. Cummings of New York, providing for the coinage of a quarter dime.

CURRENT HUMOR

So Formal.

He—Sooner or later you must bow to the inevitable.

She—Not until we have been introduced.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Not Alcohol, Though.

"How well preserved she is for one of her age!"

"Isn't she? That's because she has kept herself in good spirits."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Both Ways.

"Do you think that's the way for a Christian to talk—that you'd like to skin me and hang my hide on your barn door?"

"H'h! I didn't you say you regarded all the miracles recorded in the Bible as being merely figurative?"

"Certainly."

"Well, why can't you consider what I said out you figuratively likewise?"—Chicago Tribune.

Wasteful.

Mrs. Grady—Sure, th' Hogans are a lazy, wasteful lot av sphalpeens!

Mrs. Daly—They be thot! They've just paid two months' rint sooner than go to th' shmall throuble av movin'!—Puck.

Young Mother's Worry.

Nodd—I can't make up my mind what college to send that boy of mine to.

Todd—How old is he?

Nodd—Nearly three weeks.—Harper's Bazar.

A Great Scheme.

"I wish I could hit on some scheme," said the merchant, "to make people stop in front of my store as they pass, if only for a moment. I think it would help business."

"I've got it," put in his friend. "Put up a sign 'Look Out for Paint,' and I'll bet my salary against a penny cruller ninety-nine men out of one hundred will stop to see if it's dry."—Baltimore News.

The Player Folk.

New York, Jan. 31.

This has been a busy week for the dramatic critics, and all hands have had to "get a move on" in order to cover the new productions. At the Bijou Theatre Monday night Amelia Bingham, who is known in private life as the wife of Lloyd Bingham, a Wall Street "operator," started her engagement with a play called "Lady Margaret," which comes from the same source as "Frocks and Frills," now running at Daly's, and, like the latter, is chiefly an exhibit of clothes. The piece is well written and is fully as interesting as its predecessor. As Lady Margaret Miss Bingham has a role that does not fully test her ability and gives but little opportunity for strong acting. However, she does what she has to do in an artistic and convincing manner, and again proves that she is an exceedingly capable actress. The supporting cast is an excellent one, and aids in giving a fine all-round performance of the play. The ladies of the company wear some of the handsomest gowns shown on our stage this season. One costume, which graces the shapely figure of Miss Bingham, is said to have cost $4,000. It is a gorgeous garment—a dream in color, and fits the actress like the paper on the wall.

* * *

When Lulu Glaser trotted out on the stage of the Herald Square Theatre on Monday night she was given a cordial welcome by a large audience. Lulu never looked better in her life, and her acting and singing are just as good as ever. "Dolly Varden," in which she has made her re-entre here, is an opera comique by Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards. It is filled with catchy music and mirth-provoking scenes. The piece has made a real success and will certainly have a profitable run.

* * *

Chauncey Olcott is again at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where he is appearing in Manager Augustus Pitou's Irish drama "Garrett O'Magh." The popular comedian has received a cordial welcome home, and his engagement, which is limited to three weeks, will show large profits. Mr. Olcott is in splendid voice and his songs are, as usual, a strong feature and enthusiastically encored at every performance. He has evidently lost none of his popularity with New York theatregoers, and it is almost impossible to secure seats or standing room after 8 o'clock at night. The engagement ends Saturday, February 15, after which a musical snap-shot called "Foxy Grandpa" will be made known for the first time in this city.

VIRGINIA HARNED.
In "Alice of Old Vincennes."

* * *

Frank Keenan made his debut here as a star Tuesday night at the Manhattan Theatre, presenting Sol Smith Russell's old play, "The Hon. John Grigsby." Mr. Keenan is a good character actor—in fact, he is a much better actor than Russell ever was, but he is almost a stranger to our public and will have to make a pretty stiff fight for recognition. He has been well received and is doing a good business. The company supporting Mr. Keenan is a competent one and includes Francis Powers, the actor-author; George Staley, R. V. Ferguson, Edna Phillips, and Virginia Warren. The play is appropriately staged.

* * *

H. Reeves Smith, an English actor, who went on the road early this season in "A Brace of Partridges," and was not received with hilarity by the public, is again tempting fate as a star. This time he is appearing in a play called "The Tyranny of Tears" and a comedy entitled "My Oldest Friend."

* * *

Otis Skinner, in "Francesca da Rimini," continues to do a fine business at the Victoria Theatre. His success in this fine poetic drama is one of the gratifying events of the present dramatic season in this city, and is so pronounced that Manager Hammerstein has extended the engagement to Saturday evening, February 8. Mr. Skinner is booked for an extended tour of the South, beginning February 10.

"NANCY SKYES."

"Maid Marian's" Success.

The Bostonians opened at the Garden Theatre Monday night in "Maid Marian," a romantic opera by the authors of "Robin Hood," and containing much of the picturesqueness of the latter. The story of the opera follows closely the lines in "Robin Hood." Robin Hood leaves for the Crusades on the eve of his marriage to Maid Marian. The sheriff of Nottingham attempts to oust him from his rights, and the action is again shifted to the Crusades, where several amusing complications take place. The opera contains the same elements of romance and atmosphere that charmed in "Robin Hood." The melodies range from simple ballads to spirited finales. Among the effective numbers are "The Cellarer's Toast," "The Monk and the Magpie," "Away to the Forest," "Tell Me Again, Sweetheart," "The Men at Arms," and "The Standard Watch." W. H. MacDonald is a picturesque figure as Little John, and Frank Rushworth a tuneful Robin Hood. George Frothingham is again in evidence as Friar Tuck. Adele Rafter, the Alan-a-Dale, is possessed of a sonorous voice, and Grace Van Studdiford makes a charming Maid Marian. The performance on the opening night was received with enthusiasm and frequent curtain calls.

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THE SMOKE NUISANCE A SERIOUS MATTER.

Beautification of the National Capital Menaced by Soft, Coal and Absolute Prevention Is a Necessity.

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE.

What I see in Washington that pains me is the insidious introduction of soft coal.

You may beautify the Capital as proposed but this nuisance will recall to future inhabitants the entrance of the serpent into the Garden of Eden.

There is no curative system; it must be absolute prevention such as gives New York its advantage over Western cities.

This feature alone would determine my choice as a residence between New York and Washington, and this is a choice which several of my friends have had to make.

Unless Washington is to be free from this cloud it will never be what it might be and what it should be as the National Capital.

MY FAVORITE NOVEL.

BY JEROME K. JEROME.

How can I say which is my favorite novel? I can only ask myself which lives clearest in my memory, which is the book I run to more often than to another, in that pleasant half hour before the dinner bell, when, with all apologies to good Mr. Smiles, it is useless to think of work.

In find, on examination, that my "David Copperfield" is more dilapidated than any other novel upon my shelves. As I turn its dog-eared pages, reading the familiar headlines: "Mr. Micawber in difficulties," "Mr. Micawber in prison," "I fall in love with Dora," "Mr. Barkis goes out with the tide," "My child wife," "Traddles in a nest of roses"—pages of my own life recur to me, so many of my sorrows, so many of my joys, are woven in my mind with this chapter or the other.

Old friends, all of you, how many times have I not slipped away from my worries into your pleasant company! Pegotty, you dear soul, the sight of your kind eyes is so good to me. I know you well, with your big heart, your quick temper, your homely, human ways of thought. You yourself will never guess your worth—how much of the world is better for such as you! You think of yourself as of a commonplace person, useful only for the making of pastry, the darning of stockings, and if a man—not a young man, with only dim, half-opened eyes, but a man whom life had made keen to see the beauty that lies hidden behind plain faces—were to kneel and kiss your red, coarse hand, you would be much astonished. But he would be a wise man, Peggotty, knowing what things a man should take carelessly, and for what things he should thank God, who has fashioned fairness in many shapes.

Mr. Wilkins Micawber, and you, most excellent of faithful wives, Mrs. Emma Micawber, to you I also raise my hat. How often has the example of your philosophy saved me, when I, likewise, have suffered under the temporaries pressure of pecuniary liabilities; when the sun of my prosperity, too, has sunk beneath the dark horizon of the world—in short, when I, also, have found myself in a tight corner!

And you, sweet Dora, let me confess I love you, though sensible friends deem you foolish. Good Traddles, of the strong heart and the unruly hair; Sophy, dearest of girls; Betsy Trotwood, with your gentlemanly manners and your woman's heart, you have come to me in shabby rooms, making the dismal place seem bright. In dark hours your kindly faces have looked out at me from the shadows, your kindly voices have cheered me.

To sum up, "David Copperfield" is a plain tale, simply told; and such are all books that live. Eccentricities of style, artistic trickery, may please the critic of a day, but literature is a story that interests us, boys and girls, men and women.

It is a sad book, too; and that, again, gives it an added charm in the sad later days. Humanity is nearing its old age, and we have come to love sadness, as the friend who has been longest with us. In the young days of our vigor we were merry. With Ulysses' boatmen, we took alike the sunshine and the thunder of life with a frolic welcome. The red blood flowed in our veins, and we laughed, and our tales were of strength and hope. Now we sit like old men, watching faces in the fire; and the stories that we love are sad stories—like the stories that we ourselves have lived.

Rigidly Exact.

"A good man has gone," wrote the editor of the "Hickory Ridge Missourian," in winding up his obituary of Colonel Wopjaw. "He was honored and respected by all, and a large concurse of sympathizing friends and neighbors followed to the tomb all that was mortal of our distinguished citizen, except a leg which he had the misfortune to lose while fighting bravely at Chicamauga thirty-eight years ago."—Chicago Tribune.

Not to Be Thought of.

Suppose," said the girl with the Gibson girl neck, "you had never cared for men at all, and you fell in love with a young man at first sight——"

"Well?" said the girl with the Julia Marlowe dimple.

"And you engaged yourself to him——"

"Yes?"

"And when you married him——"

"I can't imagine anything of that kind—on a first engagement."—Chicago Tribune.

HIS IMMORTALITY.

I saw a dead man's fine part
Shining within each faithful heart
Of those bereft. Then said I: "This must be
His immortality."

I looked there on the later day,
And still his soul outshaped, as when in clay,
Its life in theirs. But less its shine excelled
Than when I first beheld.

His fellow yearsman passed, and then
In later hearts I looked for him again;
And found him—shrunk, alas! into a thin
And spectral manikin.

Lastly I ask—now aged and chill—
If aught of him remain unperished still;
And find, in me alone, a feeble spark,
Dying amid the dark.

—Thomas Hardy.

Out of Mouths of Babes.

She is a very pretty young matron and she is rather fond of picturesquely grouping her children, who are also charmingly pretty, around her for half an hour in the late afternoon, when her friends are likely to drop in for a cup of tea. The children are not present long enough to bother her particularly, and the effectiveness of the group she realizes from a study of the works of the master portrait painters. But the habit has its drawbacks.

"Oh, don't go yet," she said, with hospitable urging, to some one who put down his teacup and rose to his feet with evident intention of departure. "You always rush off just when we are in the midst of the most exciting discussion."

"It's merely a trick," he protested, "to keep up your interest in the discussion. But I really must go."

"I am so sorry," she murmured sweetly. Her youngest child raised serious, big, blue eyes.

"Are you really sorry, mamma?" he asked. And then he plunged on, "I thought he was the one you called so very tiresome?"

HIS ANSWER.

"Why I love you?" Hard the task
Because to find to such a why—
Will it answer what you ask
That you are you and I am I?

If I tell of eyes and hair,
Make list of charms, long, incomplete,
Time still come, mark each less fair—
Eyes and lips, sweet hands and feet.

But love takes little heed of time,
And so you see there is no why—
But reason, and some sort of rhyme
In you are you and I am I.

Dear! Be content to have it so
Leave pedants their insistent why,
And count it wisdom just to know
That you are you and I am I.

—K. M., in the Westminster Gazette.

THE CONTEMPORARY PRESS

Joseph Chamberlain's Connection With the Movement for Old Age Pensions.

GREAT FOREIGN TRADE OF PORT OF NEW YORK

In Spite of a Slight Falling Off, the Supremacy of the Metropolis Is Maintained—Clamor Against Governor Odell's Charities Policy.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS—The Movement for Government Aid to Superannuated Workingmen.

One of the directions in which many Governments are tending toward what its opponents term "rank socialism" is that of old age pensions. In the leading European countries—especially in Germany, where a limited system of the sort is already in operation—the subject has become a practical political issue. In England it has been especially identified with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It may astonish some American readers to learn that the present Colonial Secretary does not devote his entire time to his quarrels with foreign statesmen.

Early in the present month Mr. Chamberlain made a speech to his fellow-townsmen in Birmingham in which he discussed the movement for governmental assistance of superannuated workingmen. He spoke cautiously of the necessity of waiting for a thoroughly practicable plan of action, which has not yet been put forward. "I believe," he said, "that nothing can be done in this direction, desirable as it is, until all the great agencies for promoting thrift, the friendly societies, the benefit societies, the trade unions, and the co-operative associations, which are interested in this subject, unite in order to frame and support a practical scheme."

Commenting on Mr. Chamberlain's speech, the "Saturday Review" complains that "he continues to abdicate his function of thinking. If he had done so in the case of the Workmen's Compensation Act, that act would not have been passed to this day, and that was as new a departure as pensions would be. It is a novel doctrine that a legislator must wait until his constituents can present him with a working scheme. He is in Parliament to do that for them, if what they wish is practicable, and if it is not he is there also to tell them so of his superior knowledge."

The last sentence shows that the mutual relations of a representative and his constituents are by no means the same on that side of the Atlantic as on this.

THE STATE CHARITIES—The Chorus of Disapproval Evoked by the Government's Proposed Changes.

Seldom has a proposed change in the machinery of our State Government received more unanimous disapproval than Governor Odell's recommendation for the abolition of the boards of managers who now supervise the public charities of the Empire State. The governor's plea that his preference for paid commissions is based on his desire for economy is doubtless sincere, though it may or may not be mistaken; but his adherence to his plan, after its defeat last year, and in spite of the avalanche of criticism let loose upon it, seems to show tenacity rather than judgment.

The criticism has come from the press of both political parties, and from technical journals as well as newspapers. A sample utterance may be cited from the current issue of the "Medical News:"

"Why does Governor Odell wish to abolish the managers? Why does he want to pull down this honest system of which the State is so proud? Why does he want to drag the beneficent charities of the State into the machine? For economy's sake? Fudge! He knows there is no economy in his bill; but there is Power, Political Power! The local boards care personally for the petty needs of the insane, providing them with pleasures, comforts, entertainment, conferring with their relatives, and seeing that the helpless and unfortunates get the food and shelter and care that the State generously gives; but these worthy managers, it is true, are not of as much use to the machine as a centralized, closely organized corps of indifferent paid visitors.

"The bill will not save money; it will not provide efficient service; it will not ensure honest and wise care of the insane."

OUR FOREIGN TRADE—New York's Commercial Supremacy and the Rivalry of Other Ports.

In spite of the outcry about the decline of New York's foreign commerce, the figures of last year's trade show that the metropolis is so far ahead of all other American ports that there is no apparent danger of its losing its supremacy. Our export trade for 1901 was double that of 1875, while our import trade has grown about 60 per cent since that date. The last twelvemonth, it is true—owing to several causes, of which the failure of the corn crop was an important one—was not a banner year; we exported less by $40,000,000 worth of goods than in 1900, and our imports were smaller than in 1892 and 1893. Nevertheless, our foreign trade is greater than that of Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Galveston, and San Francisco combined. It is five times as great as that of our nearest competitor, Boston.

Going further into details, statistics published by the "Journal of Commerce" indicate that in some lines the smaller ports, where it is often found that bulky goods can be handled at less expense, are cutting into New York's trade. In breadstuffs, for instance, while the country at large gained $25,000,000 last year, we lost $5,000,000, and New Orleans and Baltimore gained $16,000,000 between them. These same ports increased their flour exports by 600,000 barrels, while New York lost 400,000. Such changes as these, however, are comparatively small, and are not likely to dethrone the metropolis from her position of commercial domination. Her advantages as the natural gateway of the New World are too great to be overcome.

THE UNITED STATES "IS"—Old Question of Grammar Still Disturbing a Few Sticklers for Style.

Gradually but surely the use of the singular verb after the name "the United States," is gaining ground. A committee of the House of Representatives not long ago voted that "the United States is" is correct. Of course this committee has no authority to decide such a question, but the fact that the opinion of the committee was in favor of the use of the singular verb makes the decision of great interest if not of binding force.

In everyday conversation nine men out of ten will say "the United States is," and most of the newspapers use this form, yet there are a few papers in New York which insist upon using the plural verb and referring to the United States as "they." In Congress and in the diplomatic correspondence of the nation the plural form has been mostly used, but the vote taken by the House Committee referred to shows that this custom is being sacrificed for the more modern and more sensible usage.

The "Bangor News" well says: "In the early days of the Republic the Republicans (afterward Democrats) regarded the United States as a union of sovereign States; they strenuously objected to any centralization of power at Washington, and their mental concept when they used the phrase 'the United States' was not of a nation, but of a number of States. They, therefore, used the plural verb. Some of the Federalists, notably Hamilton, regarded the United States as a nation, and, therefore, employed the singular verb 'is.'

"The civil war settled the question in favor of us. Its result proclaimed the United States as nation, with a capital N, and since that time men of all parties have naturally inclined to the use of the singular verb in connection with the United States."

BREAKING THE BANK—The Futility of Lord Rosslyn's and All Other Gambling Systems.

A few weeks ago the cables informed us that that brilliant young nobleman, the Earl of Rosslyn, had gone to Monte Carlo to break the bank there by means of an "infallible" betting system. More recently we have heard that the system is a failure, and we may shortly expect to learn that the bank has broken Lord Rosslyn. "What people never will understand," says "London Truth," "is that the system of the bank is infallible and must in the long run vanquish."

The comment of Mr. Labouchere's paper is particularly interesting, because one of its rival weeklies, Mr. T. P. O'Connor's "M. A. P.," hints that the owner of "Truth" once tried the same experiment as Lord Rosslyn and with a similar result. "Mr. Labouchere," says "M. A. P.," "if you ask him about Monte Carlo and gambling methods of winning, replies that he understands there is a system there known as le systeme Labouchere, out of which M. Blanc and the other owners of the gambling rooms have made many millions of money."

Mr. O'Connor's own view of the matter is one that seems to have a sensible basis. "I have been to Monte Carlo twice," he says, "and I never gambled one solitary franc there. When I looked around at the gorgeous palaces of the place and thought of the immense cost of keeping it up—something like $500,000 a year—and when I recollected that the owners of the rooms were among the wealthiest, most well known and extravagant members of what is called smart society in France, I made up my mind that all these things did not come from losings, and that a man must be a perfect idiot to imagine accordingly that he could in the long run get the better of the bank."

DEMOCRACY AND THE COLLEGES.

BY DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, Formerly President of Yale University.

I heard a prominent graduate of one of our universities say that when he was a student many years ago there was in the student community almost a contempt for wealth. The thoughts and ambitions of the college men at that period were in the line of higher things than wealth, and in their estimate of one another they regarded this as nothing.

The whole life of the country has greatly changed since then. We have become a wealthy nation. We have passed from the simple life of a quiet town, as it were, to the luxury and abundance of a great city. The devotion of the people to money-getting has become so great as even to be alarming, and the one desire which seems to unite all men together is the desire to make something in this matter of money out of nothing.

There is surely no worse sign of the times in our day than this. But I believe that much of the old spirit still remains—at least, so far as our judgment of men goes.

If the evil tendencies that are manifesting themselves so strongly among our people are to be checked, and the glory of the old ancestry is to be preserved, the result must be accomplished through the influence of educated men. Those who go forth from the universities and colleges must show by their living, by the estimate of things which they manifestly form, by the energy which they display in the pursuit of the higher and nobler objects of desire, by their exaltation of learning and mental culture, and of the power to do good service to the world, and of honorable character above all external things, and, if we may use the strong expression, by a contempt for wealth, what the true life for the nation is.

The young men of this generation are in greater danger of being led away in the false path, in this regard, than those who lived in former times were. They need, therefore, the more carefully and constantly to open their minds to the higher influences of a university life.

May I not also say that they owe it to the best interests of the country and of the future to keep alive these higher influences? The student's work is the student's life, and no higher obligation rests upon him than to pass on to other generations the true spirit which has been transmitted to himself.